



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

dreams as recorded in the Conclusion are interesting, although every term but one in the first recorded dream is a quotation. "Dark with excess of light" dates back as far as Plotinus, serves again for Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Book III, l, 380), and the idea undoubtedly creeps out again in Vaughn's

"There is in God  
A deep but dazzling darkness."

---

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral Oration of Pericles (Thucydides, ii, 35-46). Newly translated with introduction and notes by BERNADOTTE PERRIN, Lampson Professor (Emeritus) of Greek Literature and History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Those who gladly welcomed Professor Perrin's admirable first volume of Greek worthies, "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides," will probably give an even warmer reception to the second, "Cimon and Pericles." Here is, indeed, a labor of love strengthened by fine scholarship so that to the student and general reader alike these two "Lives" must come with a double grace. Even literary loves, however, are sometimes tinged with jealousy lest the object of affection be deprived of due honor, but these latest "Lives" only reinforce that old, dear, heavy, quarto of our childhood which so royally introduced us to "the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome." Here all Plutarch's sources of information are closely followed, scrutinized and arranged, with the result of rather strengthening his worth as a historian while in no wise taking from his power in "artistic ethical portraiture." And a seasonable word in passing may not be amiss concerning this particular view of Plutarch, "Prince of Biographers." That he was a moralist first and a historian afterwards, that it was the ethical content of a life and the way in which it might be used to woo men on to virtue that chiefly interested him, scarce seems a rightly proportioned view of Plutarch. Lover of virtue he surely was, but he was equally a lover of what he so frequently calls "fundamental truth" and which he, like other historians, found so hard to reach. The ethical content, with its possibilities of self-knowledge, self-control and self-improvement, are never separable in his thought and work from the hard actual fact. Indeed, what *may be* is based upon what *is*, and he earnestly tries to show the essential connection between the two. Plutarch did not conceive of history as does Lord Acton, also a great historical genius; but the personal equation must be allowed for quite as much in Acton as in Plutarch; must be allowed for in all historians. For the only real historian is the Recording Angel and to his records we have no access. No man was ever so set in the heart of things that he could give more than a tithe to what was going on about him, and that tithe is inevitably deep-dyed in the Tyrian hue of his own personality. "*De Bello Gallico*" is admirable history, but it is a far more comprehensive study in Roman and Caesarian egotism. That Plutarch's hand seems sometimes hesitating, that his colors are frequently fluent rather than fixed, that the "artistic ethical portraiture" is by no means self-consistent, is all so much evidence of his love of this "fundamental truth." He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He gives the limning of both friend and foe. Whenever and wherever possible, he not only presents the estimate of the trained observer and thinker,

but also gives the popular feeling of the inconstant yet instinctive rabble as well. The very fact that Plutarch wrote his "Lives" in pairs and with parallels shows the sifting and discriminating side of his mind and should make us chary of over-emphasizing the idealization of the portrait. Love in the sense of admiration he constantly shows, but love in the sense of blind hero worship never, and his love in the sense of service to truth is greatest of all. The "Life of Pericles" seems almost the keystone of the arch of these biographies. Pericles, the Olympian, so wonderful a bloom of Greek genius—Pericles, the man, with his dignity and gentleness and calm, must have peculiarly appealed to Plutarch. And yet how careful he is, how finely restrained is his enthusiasm, how unfaltering is the withholding of the hand. To Greek art, history, literature and speculative thinking the world owes an incalculable debt. Greece is an inexhaustible quarry for the human mind and her beauty and power are radioactive still. Plutarch feels this and is instinctively conscious that Greek life is best expressed in the lives of her great men. And something more. There is a wistfulness in Plutarch, an unasked, haunting question after whose answer he dimly gropes. Why, with such beauty and power, did Greek civilization fail? For a civilization that does not furnish both for the individual and the race a permanent ideal and a permanent hope is foredoomed to failure. Greek civilization, wonderful and fructifying as it is, affords neither this ideal nor this hope. Plutarch seems dimly to have felt this. It is the implicit meaning of his "Lives." In them he sifts men's lives in an instinctive effort to discover whether it is really in man that walketh to direct his steps. He asked, yet got no answer. Nevertheless, there is a patient hope in his pages and a fine prescience of some dawn. May Professor Perrin be permitted to give us those other "Lives" which he has so generously planned.

---

GEORGE SAND. By RENÉ DOUMIC. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

A combination of René Doumic's popular but unpleasing literary opinions, with the awkward English of Alys Hallard, cannot be said to make a very valuable biography. A literary critic, however illustrious, who prefers George Sand to Flaubert and believes that the chief function of literature is to console and to divert cannot, in the present day, be accorded a very serious reception. M. Doumic's opinions coincide perfectly with those of a large majority of newspaper hack-writers and contributors to the cheaper periodicals. The opinions may be summed up as the apotheosis of the cheap and the mediocre; proves, above all else, that it is easy writing which makes sleepy reading. In a final paragraph M. Doumic sums up his theory of the novel. "Its function may," he says, "be summed up in a few words—to charm, to touch, to console." A list of the novelists who must be erased from the tablets of fame, if this criterion were allowed, might be an effective reply. As a mere beginning we should be obliged to throw out Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola, the de Goncourts, Loti, Bourget, Stendhal, all the great Russian novelists in one heap, Sterne, Fielding, Smollet, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hardy, Meredith, Conrad, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy; but the list is too long to follow out. Novels, like all artistic creations, are written in the hope of bringing men to a fuller consciousness of life, by revelation and ex-